

THE  
NASSAU  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVII — NUMBER 2

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JUNE

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FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842

CONDUCTED  
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF  
Princeton University  
1901

# The Nassau Literary Magazine

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in *Belles-Lettres*. For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

The Terms of Subscription are \$2.50 per year (payable in advance): Single copies on sale at Rowland's and Drake's, 30 cents. Subscribers who do not receive a current issue before the 30th of the month, will please notify the Business Manager.

All contributions should be left at : North Reunion Hall, and all business communications should be addressed to

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Princeton, New Jersey.

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THE  
Nassau Literary Magazine

VOL. LVII

JUNE, 1901

No. 2

SERENADE

I

The drums of war are still,  
mistress mine ;  
The swords have drained their fill  
of crimson wine :  
And all the battle plain  
Is flowering o'er the slain —  
Unto thee I come again,  
mistress mine !

II

The King is gone his way,  
mistress sweet ;  
My service true I lay  
now at thy feet.  
The trusty sword I wield,  
Fierce-forged on foeman's shield,  
To thy lightest word shall yield,  
mistress sweet !

III

A gallant prince I slew,  
sweet, my love ;—  
His belt of sapphires, blue  
as heaven above :  
The jewels, trembling bright,  
Shall kiss thy bosom white,  
And mine eyes will drink delight,  
sweet, my love !





then, there is so much poetry in bird-life, small wonder that our forest friends have always found a place in the poet's lines.

Among the older Greek writers we find little mention of the song birds. The times were rugged, warlike, and strong, and the scream of the hawk or the swoop of the vulture better suited the social spirit than the milder lays of the songsters. Yet we find this line by Simonides, which may be rendered: "The yellow-throated, carolling nightingales, birds of spring." And in Sappho's "Hymn to Aphrodite," translated by Edwin Arnold:

"Swiftly did the doves fly,  
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder—  
Waving their dark plumes all across the ether,  
All down the azure."

Turning to Italy we note the following lines in the fifth book of Vergil's "*Æneid*," descriptive of the boat-race:

"As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,  
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,  
The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies  
And leaves her callow care and cleaves the skies;  
At first she flutters, but at length she springs  
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:  
So Mnesteus in the Dolphin cuts the sea."

Lucretius wrote:

"Videmus novis avibus canere undique silva."

But, as with the Greeks, little attention was given to the birds, even by Horace. He at best mentions them in short phrases like "*velut molles columbas*" or "*avium cantus*."

Worth all the classical quotations together are those few words of Shakespeare: "The lark at heaven's gate singing." The plays of the great dramatist have frequent reference to bird-lore, and in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" he mentions some of the winged friends of his youth:

"The ousel-cock so black of hue,  
 With orange-tawny bill;  
 The throstle with his note so true,  
 The wren with little quill.  
 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark  
 And doth not answer nay."

Among English poets the nightingale has been the favorite, for Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Coleridge, and Wordsworth have all eulogized him. Perhaps it is because, more than any other bird, he "speaks a various language:"—to the sad he is sad, and to the joyous he is joyous. While Milton addresses him as

"Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among  
 I woo to hear thy even-song,"

Coleridge finds him just the reverse:

"'Tis the merry nightingale  
 That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
 With fast, thick warble his delicious notes."

In Persia, too, the nightingale holds sway, and Fitzgerald's version of the "Rubáiyát" finds this meaning in her music:

"But in divine  
 High piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!  
 Red Wine!' The Nightingale cries to the Rose  
 That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine."

Shelley was a natural singer, and his "Skylark" is but the overflow of a fountain bubbling with poetic life. Lines like these sing themselves:

"In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run:  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then as I am listening now."

Before glancing at the Scottish bards, we must include those incomparable lines of Robert Browning :

"That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine, careless rapture."

Assuredly, one thinks, Burns must abound in praises of those constant companions of his plough-boy days ; but, strange to say, his only poem is to the owl :

"Sad bird of night, what sorrow calls thee forth  
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?

Is it some blast that gathers in the north,  
Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bower ?"

Listening with the knight to Ellen's slumber song in "The Lady of the Lake," we hear :

"Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum  
Booming from the sedgy shallow."

And again, when describing the break of dawn about Loch Katrine, Scott includes this pretty greeting :

"The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Goodmorrow gave from brake and bush ;  
In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

But for a universal, whole-hearted appreciation of the birds we return to our own country. The pages of every poet are bright with their song. And it would indeed be difficult to say who wrote the best. Walt Whitman pictures the mocking-bird :

"All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,  
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sad, lone singer, wonderful, causing tears."

Nor is that rollicking spirit (but, if it must be confessed, unparalleled coxcomb) the bob-o'-link forgotten, for Bryant has immortalized him in those verses commencing:

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Snug and safe in that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers,  
Chee, chee, chee."

Emerson addressed the titmouse, that hardy little bird of the north, who reminds us of the essayist, with his social nature and cheerful, reassuring note:

"I who dreamed not when I came here  
To find antidote of fear,  
Now hear thee say in Roman key,  
Paean! Veni, vidi, vici."

In "Hiawatha" Longfellow has penned this catchy little triplet:

"That is but the owl and owlet  
Talking in their native language—  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Familiar and yet ever beautiful are the sunset lines in the same poem:

"Can it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage?"

But after all, the voice of the birds is not one merely of beauty, of ranging octaves filled with ecstasy. It carries a message of deeper import to mankind. It bids the sad rejoice, the pessimist be cheerful, the discouraged renew his work with dauntless vigor; and finally it leads us away from the base and the petty, up to the skies and hill-tops of noble living.

—*Charles Spencer Richardson.*

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### INFLUENCE

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The last light lingers in the west  
Upon some bits of floating cloud  
Which ever gleam and gleam, while to the rest  
Are but allowed  
Fainter, reflected rays to light them forth  
Into the chill, black north.

This lot be mine:—  
To catch the glow direct from some world-light  
Whose influence, serene and bright,  
Shall tinge my night  
And, by reflection, shine  
On darker dust-clouds back along the line.

—*Robert Haven Schauffler.*

## THE EDGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

When Guy de Verney returned to his father's chateau in Dauphiné, it was with no intention of tarrying long in that charming home. He had been grievously wounded in the wars, and despite his fervent protests, had been sent home to recover his wonted strength. With infinite disgust he had accepted the attentions of the leech called in by the Sieur de Verney; but, as he gained in strength and spirits, he gave scant favour to the disciple of Aesculapius, and finally with a round oath bid him begone. The Sieur de Verney was hugely amused thereat, and confided to his lady that their son was only following the example of a long line of hardy forbears. Moreover, to the accompaniment of her tears he declared that he was right glad that the de Verney spirit was so in evidence in their demoiseau, that nothing must needs do for him but a speedy departure again to fight the English.

And so indeed thought Guy one blithesome afternoon in September, 1460, as his great charger carried him at a slashing pace along the long, straight highway which skirted the limpid waters of the Loire. He had ridden into Rouissillon from his father's great estate to hear the latest news from the seat of war, and to his great dismay learned that a truce of one year had been established with the English. It was therefore in no pleasant frame of mind that he drew rein at the great stone water trough at the entrance of his father's *demesne* and gave his sweating mount his needed drink. As he sat there musing, he suddenly heard a merry laugh, and, looking whence the sound came, saw a sorry, much bedraggled fellow with a bundle on his back, approaching from the river's bank.

"Well, my knave," asked de Verney hotly, "what may be the cause of your levity?"

"I' faith, good sir, and pardon," quoth the rascal; "I

was but thinking of a bit of verse I wrote at Blois, which came to me most blithely as I saw your horse so greedily take to water."

"And what may be unnatural about my horse taking to water, fool?" asked de Verney, who became unaccountably interested in the merry knave confronting him.

"Nothing, Sir Knight, and there's the point to me, for while this quadruped may take his fill I must die of thirst at the fountain."

"I fail to see your point," said de Verney, of a sudden become impatient.

"Nor do I blame you," replied the fellow, as he deposited his bundle on the ground and calmly plumped himself down with legs crossed, "but you may guess it when I tell you that when but seventeen years of age I was solemnly sworn never to drink aught save red wine of Burgundy or other wines of France, or Spain, or Italy or Egypt;" and at this he made an irresistibly funny grimace and gave vent to a hoarse guffaw, which, as it showed his pretty teeth, accentuated the ugly scar on his lower lip.

"Which means," replied the young lord, laughing in spite of himself, "that if I have listened to your poor jest I must pay for it. Here then—" and reaching in his doublet, he drew forth a golden louis, and flipped it toward the fellow, who caught it in mid-air and transferred it to his pocket with a greedy wave of thanks.

"And now," continued de Verney, "before I am off, who may you be, and what's your business, skulking about this neighborhood, and how came you at Blois writing doggerel verse?"

Up jumped the knave at this last remark, and with a raging pride fighting against a wholesome fear of the young gallant watching him, replied:

"Sir, I'd have you know that I write no doggerel verse. I am François Villon of Paris, poet and master of

arts of the university. From Blois I've come, the winner in a tournament of wit and poesy planned out by none less than Charles d'Orleans. The monies I made there a month ago are spent. If one is forsworn from water he must pay for wine; but, sir lord, here is the name of Charles inscribed upon this bit of parchment, proclaiming François Villon the winner of the contest," and with that the fellow dived into his ragged jerkin and produced a scroll, which bore the crest of the Duke of Orleans.

De Verney looked at the parchment with some show of interest, and then, while searchingly eyeing the fellow, replied:

"That parchment may be well and good, my man, but I care not one jack-straw for it as proof of your poesy. How do I know but that you filched it from this same François? Come you now, and rhyme me a pretty rondel and I'll believe you better; and, mark you, pen no nonsense, for the good Abbe Guillaume long ago taught me the craft of letters. Come now, and mayhap there's red wine of Burgundy in your effort."

For answer Master François whipped quill and parchment from his bosom, and opened the leathern ink-horn that hung at his girdle. Laying the parchment on the flat end of the trough, he thought a moment and then wrote rapidly. Much interested, de Verney had dismounted and leaving his horse to graze at will, leaned over the poet's shoulder. As the scribe wrote, Guy clumsily enough spelled out the words which came from the end of François' quill, and so charmed was he thereat, and so deeply immersed was Villon in his pet trade, that neither observed the swift approach of a coach and four, accompanied by three horsemen, until de Verney's charger suddenly reared and whinnied with proud gusto.

"Mille diables! what's up?" quoth François, as his shifting eyes rose from the parchment and leered towards



the new comers — "to have a rondel thus spoiled!" and he flung it down in great heat.

De Verney, who had leaped towards his horse and mounted it at the approach of the coach, saw Villon's action and cried out:

"Give it me, rascal! Would you give to earth such pretty thoughts?" and, leaning over, received it from the poet's hand.

Meanwhile the party had drawn near, and the coach horses had been drawn up beside the trough, while the postilion had given his mount free rein. The three horsemen seemed more than men-at-arms, yet less than gentlemen; and in swashbuckling fashion had crowded toward de Verney, so that his charger was forced back a pace. So enraged did he become at this affront, that an encounter seemed imminent, until prospective hostilities were brought to a sudden termination by a harsh voice crying for his men to desist and fall back. No sooner was this said and done, than a door of the coach opened, and out from it stepped an old gentleman whose face bore proof of the choler he was in.

"What is the meaning of this scuffle?" he said, as his commanding eyes took in the scene. As they fell on de Verney, he smiled most pleasantly, and, turning scowlingly on his retainers, roundly berated them and bid them know their place. At this de Verney observed that one of them, a handsome, dark-eyed young blade, cast black looks at his master but sullenly backed his horse away, and fell darkly silent. At the same instant de Verney became aware that a pair of deep blue eyes were looking at him most admiringly from out the coach door, and his face flushed rich and warm when he saw that the eyes belonged to the loveliest maiden he had ever seen. So taken was he by pleasing wonder, that the sudden silence made him aware of the fact that the old man was awaiting

an answer. Then, recovering his composure, he leaped from his horse, and doffing his plumed hat made graceful obeisance as he said :

"The scuffle meant nothing, and has passed, noble sieur. I am the Demoiseau de Verney, and was most hugely interested in what yon fellow was inditing when your party came upon us. Is mine the honour to learn your name?"

"Right gladly," responded the old gentleman; "I am the Marquis de Seigné, *en route* from Blois to Paris; but who—why stand you forth, fellow," he suddenly said, as his gaze fell upon Villon; "why, by all the saints, here is none other than that ragged fellow who won the tournament in poesy at the court of Charles. Are you not François Villon?"

With that Villon, who had been leaning nonchalantly enough against the trough, whistled with great lustihood and flippantly responded:

"No more, no less, kind sieur, yet my poor bearing is such that this fair lord must needs have proof of my ability ere he believed; as you do by merely seeing me."

"Tut, tut, fellow, grow not too easy with thy tongue," answered the Marquis, "yet will I forgive thee this time in remembrance of the pretty verse ye writ for my niece, the demoiselle Madonnette," and he cast a meaning glance at the maid within the coach.

"Where go you now? To Paris, I'll wager; and look ye have a care lest Montfauçon give ye benison with hempen embrace. But enough, we must hence to Rouissillon, where we sup this night. Will you do me the honour to break bread and drink wine with me ere dusk this eve?" he said, turning to de Verney, who was looking full-eyed at the winsome maid, whose laughing face was vainly attempting to assume a demure expression, as she sat quietly within the coach.

"With great pleasure," responded de Verney, with

alacrity, and looking with as much meaning as he cared to assume towards the sweet unknown. The old marquis caught his meaning and smilingly responded :

"All in good time, young lord ; haste ever spoileth the broth, and desire runneth hand in hand with unruly youth," and with this two-edged remark he chattered a pleasant adieu, and entering the coach slammed the door shut, and at the given word the coach and party started off at a rattling pace for Rouissillon.

This unexpected crushing of a hatching hope came home to de Verney more quickly when he noticed that the dark eyed blade had turned and waved a mocking farewell to him. In great anger thereat Guy leaped on his horse, and would have followed then and there to chastise the offender, had not Villon suddenly jumped to his bridle and cried out —

"Wait, good master ; wait. I've a far better plan than chasing this fellow, and mayhap being roundlybeaten for it. When ye sup with the Marquis there will be time a plenty, and I have much to tell you."

De Verney, much to his own inward astonishment, allowed himself to dismount again, and heard himself ask the knave what he meant.

"Merely this," responded François : "when I was at Blois, I learned that Mademoiselle Madonnellette was of so merry a bent and so full of madcap plans and devices that her uncle would not allow her to be much with the ladies of the court, and with the gallants not at all. Yet did I learn from Susette, as gay a trull as ever did scullery work in the good duke's kitchens, that she had seen that fellow who waved such fond adieu to you, mooning around wherever Mistress Madonnellette was to be found, and that once he had tried to kiss her hand and was mightily slapped in recompense. And even as she spurned him did this fellow devour her with his eyes, and I marvelled greatly that the

Marquis did not bid him begone. This I asked Susette one night, and she told me that the Marquis feared the man. That he was de Seigné's offspring by a woman of Blois, and though he hated him, yet was his power so occult over the Marquis that he dared not send him begging, but rather kept him in his service."

"I know the fellow's name," interrupted de Verney, who had been listening intently. "Is it not Pierre Rosny? Methinks I've heard dark stories of him before."

"Ma foi, its none other," said François, glibly, "and if you plan to win the demoiselle, ware this dark eyed hound."

"Never fear," answered de Verney; "but what is this plan you spoke about?"

"'Tis this," said François, "you will give me back the unfinished rondel, which, with ten golden louis that you will also transfer to me, will be two prime points in our campaign against the villain Rosny. I will take this charger of yours and ride into Rouissillon. There I will put up at the tavern, engage Rosny and the other knaves in talk and drink, and learn from him his master's purpose concerning the demoiselle and what bad business he himself is up to."

"Your plan is admirable for its delightful self-assurance," responded Guy, "and how, Master François, am I to know that if I give you the gold and loan you my horse you will not decamp for good and all?"

At that Villon grew crimson, and answering said: "I am but a sorry rascal, young lord, but by the holy Mother I swear that I do but wish to do you a good turn. As you think such evil of me, however, I'm off," and up he jumped and started away in high dudgeon.

"Here, here, good fellow," cried out Guy, "I did but wish to test you. I'll trust you, why I know not; but 'tis enough. Here is my purse, and take the horse. When I

reach Rouissillon see that you are there. But what want you with the rondel?"

"That is my secret now," said François, "but you will know in good time. Well, I'm off," and saying this he climbed nimbly to the horse's back, clapped his heels to the charger's ribs, and dashed away at racing speed.

"God save his neck," said de Verney, "and if he plays me false I'll see him swing from the nearest birch. Why I've done this I know not. But those eyes, those witching eyes!" and off he trudged up the winding driveway to his father's chateau.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Guy de Verney rode into Rouissillon some four hours later, unattended save by one of his father's huntsmen, he was wondering much as to what had become of Villon and his precious scheme. That perplexed him, even as the vision of two laughing eyes danced so continually before him that he failed to observe the admiring glances cast toward his handsome person by numerous fair ones of the town, and so lost much in their estimation. But after riding through the narrow streets a reward came for what he had lost in glances, when he rode into the court yard of the Fleur de Lys inn. As he entered the yard he heard a merry laugh from above him, and looking hastily up caught a fleeting glimpse of a charming face which owned the eyes that haunted him, even as a red Jacqueminot rose fell plump upon his upturned face. With a graceful gallantry he doffed his hat until its nodding plumes near swept the ground, and pressing the rose to his lips transferred it to his bosom. As he did this he saw a fair white hand peep from behind the tapestry and wave to him a pretty *au revoir*.

Then as his eyes swept the courtyard, he saw the dark face of Rosny glaring at him from the doorway of the inn. But no sooner did the fellow see that he was observed than

he suddenly turned and went within. At the same time the landlord appeared at the door with a much worried face, and as de Verney dismounted and turned his steed over to Raoul, his huntsman, approached de Verney and whispered thus :

"In good time, young lord ; for I am much perplexed over a fellow that came here some four hours ago riding your war charger and proclaiming himself your retainer. He has much gold, which God alone knows came by what villainy, and he has been spending it buying the best Bordeaux I possess, for himself, the retainers of the Sieur de Sevigné and three rufflers who rode in from the south an hour ago. And my Lord Sevigné awaits you to dine with him."

"Well said, landlord," laughingly responded de Verney, "and have no fear of the varlet, for he came here by my orders. First I'll taste a bottle of thy best wine, while you announce my presence to the Seigneur de Sevigné."

Saying this Guy entered the tap-room of the inn and there found Villon making merry with the retainers of de Sevigné and three swaggering blades who seemed well in their cups. A sudden silence fell upon them as de Verney entered, which was only broken as Villon unsteadily gained his feet, and with mock solemnity stalked over to where the demoiseau had seated himself, and, leaning over, whispered to him with no trace of drunkenness in his voice —

"There's devil's work afoot, sir lord. Just now they think I'm baiting you, but keep a watchful eye when you dine with the Seigneur de Sevigné. Enough for the nonce," and suddenly breaking out into louder talk he cast a drunken wink toward Rosny and his fellows as he said :

"My lord bids me buy more wine."

At this they set up a great shout, and de Verney observed that Rosny wore a sardonic smile of deviltry upon his dark face.

While fresh bottles were being brought, the landlord entered, and escorting de Verney up a winding staircase led him down a long passage which ended with an oaken door. There he rapped and, as a voice bade him enter, ushered de Verney into a large room where a table was laid with three covers. The Seigneur de Seigné rose from an oaken settle, and crossing the rush strewn floor cordially greeted his guest. And while they conversed, a door opened from another room gained by a flight of six stone steps, and there entered with all the grace and lissomeness of maidenhood the Demoiselle Madonnette, wearing in her hair a red Jacqueminot rose and carrying in one lily hand a bit of parchment that looked curiously familiar to de Verney.

"Madonnette," said the Marquis, turning to the maid, "I would present the demoiseau de Verney;" and at that Guy blushed red with pleasure and bowed low.

"And right glad am I to meet with you, sweet sir," said the maid, "for I've heard fine things of you this two hours since."

"What may they be, mademoiselle?" asked de Verney, as his eyes for once left her face to see the parchment in her hand.

"That madcap fellow, Villon," answered Madonnette, laughingly, "hath sent to me this screed on which is writ"—and then she read most charmingly the famous lines:

"Mort, j'appelle de ta rigueur  
Qui m'as ma maistresse ravie,  
Et n'es pas encore assouvie,  
Se tu ne me tiens en languer  
Depuis n'euz force ne vivueur  
Mais que te nuysait—elle en vie  
Mort?"

Deux estions, et n'avions qu'ung cuer ;  
S'il est mort, force est que devie  
Voire, on que je vive sans vie  
Comme les images, par cuer  
Mort !"



And finishing she continued — "And with the message that it was sent me by you through him your messenger."

"And do you write verse, de Verney?" asked the Marquis, "Of a faith, that is an accomplishment that few can boast of."

"Nay I wrote it not," responded Guy, "but I would that I had the gift, for it had been sent the same," and he cast a burning glance at the demoiselle, which caused her eyes of a sudden to droop. This was not unobserved by the Marquis, who laughed loudly and cried out;

"Of a faith, young sir, these pretty speeches are well in their place, but the capon and good Bordeaux await. So do you prove yourself as good a trencherman as a gainer by lack of versifying power." And with that he bid them be seated.

So merry was the badinage and wit that flowed from Mistress Madonnette's pretty lips that de Verney near forgot the black danger which lurked about them. While they were merrily enough engaged in discussing the *chef d'oeuvres* of Master Jean, the landlord, they suddenly heard his voice calling softly from without the door:

"O good Seigneur de Sevigné: will your grace kindly come outside here in the passageway? There is a messenger from the South come for you."

At this the Marquis arose, walked to the door, and, opening it, stepped into the hall. As he passed through the doorway the door swung noiselessly back and clicked shut. There seemed nothing unusual about the incident, yet a strange silence fell upon de Verney and the girl, and instantly there came thronging into the young lord's brain whole troops and levies of suspicions. The tense stillness which followed was suddenly broken by a smothered, gasping sigh which came floating in from the passageway and it seemed to de Verney as if the passage were filled



with armed men. He looked at the maid, who, if she were terror-struck, showed it not, and in that brief glance found himself looking into eyes which told a sweet story. Leaning toward her, he whispered quickly:

"I fear mischief and black treachery. Do you quickly enter the room beyond."

"Where go you?" she asked.

"I stay here," he whispered back.

"That I knew full well, my knight," she said, and rising, swept noiselessly to the steps, and mounting them, passed into the room beyond.

All this but took a moment, and in it de Verney had drawn his blade and tip-toed to the steps, mounted them half way and waited for what he knew must come. Back of him stood Madonnette with a brave smile upon her lovely face. It was now so still that the flicker of the candles resting in their candelabra upon the table could be heard, even as they cast weird shadows on the walls. Outside a night bird was singing. In such strained silence did they wait. Suddenly de Verney beheld a tiny stream of some dark liquid stealing beneath the sill of the door from the passageway, and as it came slowly toward them made fantastic little devices upon the stones of the floor. Here it would be lost under the rushes. There it would creep steadily forward. And then even as Madonnette's eyes fell upon it and she gave a low cry of horror, the door swung silently open and in dashed Rosny and the three rufflers, with faces flushed and swords in hand. They had looked for easy murder, and as they saw de Verney in a position of defense fell back a pace.

"Give up the maid," cried Rosny as he glared at Guy, "and we will let you off scot free."

"Out upon you, rascal," said de Verney quietly.

"An you would fight, come forward like a man, though I hate to soil my steel on such *canaille* as ye."

"That will we," cried Rosny with an oath, and calling for his men to follow, pressed forward. In an instant his blade met de Verney's, and the flash and rattle of meeting steel filled the air with the hissing sounds that spell out death. The young knight found that he had not one to fight but four, yet with the light of battle in his eyes, and with the *finesse* of the finished duellist, parried each murderous thrust as he dealt out death and wounds to his opponents. Already two of the rufflers had been given their death wounds and lay expiring upon the floor, but de Verney's left arm had been pierced and was growing numb; yet he fought on with a desperate courage. Rosny and the fourth knave were pressing him hard when aid came most opportunely. Madonnellette had heard a scratching in the wainscoating of her room and turning towards the sound saw a panel glide open and François' face appear, and then his body, as he drew himself through the aperture. No sooner was he in the room, than he picked up a block of wood, and, approaching the door, aimed at the candelabra in the room without, and with keen aim hit it at the very moment that the other retainers of the Marquis rushed into the room to aid Rosny. At the same time de Verney had run his sword through Rosny's body and laid himself open to the third ruffler, who lunged murderously at him,—and there had been an end of him, had not Villon caught him by the shoulders, pulled him through the doorway and slammed and bolted the door. Outside the three rascals could be heard swearing madly in the darkness.

"Come, my lord," said Villon, "it were best for you to be in the air," and he pointed to the secret passageway. "We will go down through it to the first floor and call the guard to make an end to those rascallions, in there." Then he assisted de Verney to pass through the paneling, and as Madonnellette followed, casting his eyes quickly

around saw a small money box lying near, and picking it up followed them. When they had gained the ground floor Villon called lustily for men, and as Raoul and several of the watch appeared, bid them under the lord de Verney's orders mount the stairs and arrest the murderers in the King's name. And then, unseen in the excitement, he mounted de Verney's charger and with the Marquis' money box under his arm dashed out of the courtyard and gaining the Loire road disappeared in the darkness.

When the watch reached the passageway they found the Marquis lying stone dead with a dagger thrust over his heart; while Master Jean lay gagged and bound. So cowed were the three rascals within the room, that they gave up without a struggle.

It was the demoiselle Madonnette who bound up Guy de Verney's bleeding arm; and all his life after did Guy remember her answer as with the love light in his eyes he leaned toward her and said:

"I write not verse, neither rondel, nor ballade, nor triolet, but I tell you in plain prose, dearest maid, that I will fight for you and die for you."

"Nay, live for me," she had responded, "you are the bravest knight in all Christendom."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following day a peasant found a great war-horse grazing. On his saddle was the de Verney coat of arms. Tied to the bridle was a bit of parchment. Being a wise man he took the horse to the Chateau, and a groom carried the screed to the demoiselle. Upon it was written:

To the Demoiselle de Verney:

The gods and you may say I saved your life, and yet have I again lost mine own soul. From Rosny I learned the plot which had waited, had you not appeared upon the scene. From Fifine, a saucy kitchen maid, I learned of the secret passageway. Ask me not how she knew. With mine own eyes I learned that there was more gold than you would care to give in the Marquis' money box. I'm far away. The horse I've set free, and hope it and this screed may reach you. The rondel—did it do its work? Farewell,—you are a man.—FRANÇOIS VILLON.

—*William Teall MacIntyre.*

### OUT OF THE DARK

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Winging the dusk of a misty night,  
Passing above, but lost to sight,  
Vague and far from their cloudy height,  
I heard the wild fowl cry.

Thus, when memory tunes the ear,  
Come spirit voices faint but clear  
From out the bourn beyond the bier —  
And those unseen are nigh.

—*McQueen S. Wightman.*

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### MY LORD CARNEVERON

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In the year 1775, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the political horizon, New York was agape at the prowess of its social lion, my Lord Carneveron. The ladies were all at his feet, thrilled by his beauty, so black and bold, and charmed by his manners, the like of which had not been seen since the reign of my Lord Chesterfield at London and Bath. He was young, rich, witty, at ease in the drawing-room, on the saddle, or over the punch-bowl, his wealth was reported to be fabulous, and his title, an excellent authority affirmed, originated with the Conqueror. In preference to taking the grand tour, so indispensable to young noblemen, he had come to the Americas to travel in His Majesty's dominions and inspect the lands which the King had granted him, but when he understood the strained relations existing between the colonists and the home government, he had not only refused to enter into his possessions, but had openly expressed his sympathies for the Americans. So there was absolutely nothing to interfere with his popularity in New York.

He had taken cosy lodgings in a house fronting on the

Bowling Green, where at least three nights of the week he was at home to the young bucks and macaronies, with whom he was ever ready to turn a merry jest, to exchange a lively story, or to drink their healths in frequent glasses of a delicious punch of which he would not impart the secret. For the older and more dignified gentlemen, whose hearts were deeply concerned in the political troubles of their country, there was always as warm a welcome—over the mellow port or the rich Bordeaux he would pour sweet oil on the consciences of the chafing patriots, or with equal grace counsel the loyal to gentler and more conciliatory measures. So deep did he have the welfare of the colonies at heart, and yet so loyal was he to the British crown, that he declared should they carry their differences to open warfare he would travel in France rather than be a witness to that unholy struggle between brother and brother. The disaffected trusted him, the loyal pretended to believe that he was a secret emissary of the royal government.

He went every place, knew everybody and everything that went on in all circles. On Sundays he appeared with a grave face in a front pew in Trinity Church and on Mondays with a smiling countenance at the little theatre in John street, where he would laugh merrily and applaud heartily the efforts of the American Company in "The Rivals," or Mr. Garrick's "Lethe," as the case might be. And on Wednesdays he would appear bland and a trifle blasé at Mrs. Jay's quiet little teas, perhaps having just come from a rollicking cock-fight or a bull-baiting with a crowd of lively young rakes. There have been few Englishmen before or since who created as deep and pleasant an effect upon New York society as my Lord Carneveron in the year 1775.

Naturally, a young man of so many gifts and graces not only opened up to mammas with marriageable daughters a vista of infinite possibilities, but caused a distinct

flutter in the hearts of the young ladies themselves. It was very evident before my Lord had been a month in New York that his affections were definitely fixed upon the pretty little person of Mistress Dorothea van Bostwick, whose father was one of the wealthiest of the old Dutch patroons, and the possessor of unnumbered acres of fine land up the Hudson valley. Though the envious ladies were not quite sure of the state of Mistress Dorothea's affections, since Dolly had always been a perverse young minx, papa and mamma van Bostwick beamed on the noble lord, and the match was regarded as safely made as though the banns had already been cried in the old Trinity. Indeed Mrs. van Bostwick would admit as much' when pressed by curious, interested ladies over the afternoon coffee.

But alas, it was not so with Mistress Dolly. All my Lord's finery and grace and wit, his splendid old title and his enormous rent-roll appealed to this perverse child hardly at all, and she was much more apt to flutter and flush when she had beheld the clumsy bow of Roger Montmorris, whom she had known all her life since their childhood together up the river, than she was to startle before the polished greeting of my Lord Carneveron. But she was a dutiful girl, and after much persuasion and not a little threatening on the part of her father and mother, she consented to listen to the suit of the English peer, and, when he should put the important question, to give an answer in the affirmative. But she consented with a sob and a tear, and hoped against hope in her heart of hearts that poor Roger would do something desperate to win her, carry her off in a coach and four, if need be, like the wicked *Lovelace* in Mr. Richardson's lovely novel.

But poor Roger took to drinking strong rum and brandy at Sam Fraunce's Tavern, and to staking preposterous sums on the fall of the dice or the turn of a card, to cursing his

abominable luck, and to glaring with wild eyes at my Lord Carneveron when he came there to sip Canary in the company of the elegant gentlemen with their giddy perukes and gaudy coats and stockings and their cuffs and their galvets of Spanish and Flemish lace. While at home in the gloomy drawing-room, Dolly dropped scalding tears for her own woes on the pages of "*Clarissa Harlowe*."

One day as Roger sat in the long room of the tavern staring gloomily at the roaring log-fire on the grate and irons in the chimney-corner, with the bottle of bitters ever ready at his elbow, and Black Sam close at hand, ever ready to replenish it when it should be empty, my Lord in company with some dandies strolled in, seated himself at a table and nonchalantly ordered a pack of cards and some bottles of wine.

"Curse you," growled Roger, then pulling Sam by the elbow, bade him first bring another bottle of rum.

Fraunce smiled obsequiously, but he knew his business, and went directly to supply my Lord. Roger muttered an unpleasant exclamation, and with a burst of passion threw the bottle and glasses before him into the fire. My Lord and the gentlemen started and looked towards him. In reply Roger fixed his wild blue eyes on my Lord's face and stared impudently while they were being served and as they began their game of piquette. The nobleman could not fail to notice the insult conveyed in the other's glance, (indeed these scenes had been of frequent occurrence of late), and once or twice he shifted his position to put himself out of range of the stare; the gentlemen with him returned Montmorris's glances with interest.

"'T is damned impertinent," exclaimed young Delancey at length, "shall I speak to him, my Lord?"

"Tut," replied Carneveron nobly, "I've no quarrel with a man because he stares at me; rather I take it as a deuced fine compliment."



"As you will, my Lord; but if 't was me I'd give him a drubbing. He suffers for the want of it."

"Come, Delancey, 't is your lead. Presently I'll bait the cub and you shall have your amusement. But now mind your game;—I mark the king and win."

"Surely, I grow careless. My queen's a worthless wench and fails me at the crucial moment. Your deal, Duane; come, shake them well."

So the game proceeded, my Lord laughing merrily as he won, and the gentlemen faintly echoing his merriment as they paid the piper. Roger sat in his chair by the fireplace and glared at them, cursing them from the hair of their heads to the soles of their feet.

"What?" cried my Lord at length, "you are tired of playing? Well, small blame to you—the game has gone against you. Perhaps there is some one else about who will take a hand. I've an hour yet before I dress for Mrs. Stuyvesant's dinner."

As he finished speaking, he turned about carelessly and met Roger's eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Montmorris, perhaps you will help me kill the dullness of the next hour by taking a hand against me at cards?"

Roger strode forward.

"Willing?" he snarled, "I will take a hand against you at anything, my Lord."

Carneveron laughed, pushed out a chair with his foot, and bade Montmorris be seated.

"What stake do you prefer, sir?" he asked.

"What you will, my Lord."

"Good. Shall we say guineas?"

"Made it doubloons or ponies," exclaimed Roger, "but let us get at it."

My Lord smiled gently, and turning up the soft laces at his wrist, began to deal. He played quietly, deliberately,



and lost steadily, surely, largely. Roger, his brows knitted, his eyes fastened on his cards, played wildly and recklessly, ever demanding of my Lord a higher stake and a faster game, and entreating of the wondering company about them to drink more heartily of the wine and bitters that he ordered with reckless generosity. The hour of Mrs. Stuyvesant's dinner passed by unheeded: the two men settled to a desperate game, while their companions watched them with growing interest. Twilight fell, the darkness gathered and Black Sam lit the candles, gentlemen began to drop in for the evening's pleasures, gentlemen in gay coats and brilliant small clothes and now and then an officer in the King's red uniform. Still the two played on, and my Lord Carneveron continued to loose. He had long since handed over all the winnings of the previous game, had depleted himself of ready cash, and was writing I. O. U.'s at the end of almost every hand. A crowd was gradually gathering around the table, the Englishman was growing more worried and desperate after every play, the American cooler, more determined, more venomous in manner and method of play.

"'T is the devil's own luck," cried my Lord at last, "Satan is with you."

"Lucky at love, unlucky at cards," growled Roger in reply; "you have had your innings at the one, 't is my turn now, my Lord."

"So be it; you shall make the most of it. Are you willing to make a night of it, sir?"

"By all means," cried Roger, "I'll play you to the crack-o'-doom if so you say."

"Then let us have a private room where we need not furnish amusement for all of Mr. Fraunce's patrons."

"As you will," said Roger, "but we must see that Sam keeps us well supplied with liquors."

The game was interrupted then, and they had a bite to

eat, a toasted fowl and a dish of Mr. Fraunce's famous pickles, and then towards ten-o'-the-clock they adjourned to one of the private rooms of the tavern and the play was resumed. For some time the game went on as before, my Lord Carneveron continued to lose and Mr. Montmorris to pocket all the winnings, but towards midnight (the boy had been drinking heavily, and perhaps the fumes of the liquor were rising to his head), he began to play carelessly, and lost in consequence. The luck changed, and one after another he began to pass back across the table my Lord's I. O. U.'s; the stakes were doubled, and he paid for his losses in cash. It was well after midnight, though, before my Lord was ahead of the game, and 't was near daylight when Roger realized how heavy a loser he was, and for how great a sum, much greater than he could afford to pay, must he write out my Lord a note. He grew desperate, he was tired and sick, his head was throbbing, his tongue was parched,—would he never win enough again with which to stop?

"Doubles or quits," he cried at last in despair, "will your lordship give me one more chance to get even?"

My Lord smiled blandly.

"Willingly," said he.

Again he dealt the cards.

"I mark the king," cried Roger joyfully.

"And I the ace, and win," said my Lord, coolly, "the game is over, and I wish you a very good morning."

As he spoke, my Lord rose from the table, bowed, and turned to leave the room. As he did so an ace fell from the ruffles of his coat. He started, flushed, stooped to pick it up, but was not so quick as Roger.

"What is this?" cried Montmorris, "an ace? What, is it possible? Gods, then you have cheated."

"You fool," cried my Lord, "what know I of this ace? 'T was in the pack."

"You lie," screamed the boy, "you lie."

Then quick as a flash and before my Lord could stop him, he was at the door and bellowing down the stairs into the long room—

"What ho! come hither, gentlemen. This way, quickly."

Half-a-dozen late revelers stumbled up the stairs and into the apartment where the game had been played, to be met by my Lord with a white face and by Roger with flashing eyes.

"Gentlemen," cried Montmorris, "yonder nobleman is a cheat and a liar. He has just won two thousand pounds from me with a pack of cards in which there are five aces."

"Gentlemen," said my Lord, "you have heard this insult, which is as unwarranted as it is malicious. Mr. Delancey, will you be good enough to act for me further in the matter?"

Delancey, flattered by the request, hurled a challenge at Roger's head, and without waiting for a reply, linked his arm familiarly in that of my Lord and stalked with him from the room. Those left began to snicker.

"Small profits for your pains, my boy," laughed young Duane, "you have deprived yourself of a chance for revenge at cards, and my Lord will undoubtedly kill you when you meet, and very justly, as everyone will think."

One by one they strolled out, with a taunt or a sneer, and left the ruined youth to his bitter reflections, the empty bottles of liquor and the dirty pack of cards with the five aces.

By the next day the story of the quarrel was all over town, and a story of course that did not square with the facts—in which my Lord appeared as the suffering hero, and Mr. Montmorris as a villain of the first water. If there was any cheating done, said Papa van Bostwick at his mid-

day dinner, it was undoubtedly performed by that young rascal Roger, whose wildness was proverbial, and hardly by a peer of Great Britain and Ireland,—for notwithstanding his Dutch blood, patroon van Bostwick was a lover of a lord as well as an Englishman.

"O papa," cried Dolly, after this harsh estimate of her former lover; "O papa, how can you say such wicked things?"

"Don't papa me about such a scalawag as Roger Montmorris," snapped the patroon with a frown, "be thankful rather that you are well rid of him, and that your noble lord perhaps may have the good luck to kill him, my Lady Carneveron."

The frown was reflected on Mrs. van Bostwick's face.

"Yea," sighed she, "thank Heaven that thou art released from the snare of the fowler, my Lady Carneveron."

"O don't call me by that awful, hateful name," cried Dolly, and burst into tears and went weeping from the table.

Once she gained her little chamber, she cast herself on the bed and wept bitterly, wept till the wonder was that she had any eyes left with which to shed the tears. Dolly was a sentimental maiden and her head was full of the ideas she had imbibed in emotional novels, but her heart was full of a very genuine passion and torn by a very real and bitter sorrow. As she lay there crying in her solitude and misery, she kept picturing to herself the image of Roger, so beautiful and brave and unfortunate, lying stark and dead in some cold, lonely place, with a wound in his bosom made by my lord's unerring sword or his horrible pistols. And, should that happen, could she ever, ever bear to be called "my Lady Carneveron?" No, she could not, human flesh would not bear it; and if the worst came to the worst, and her lover was murdered, why she would kill herself as the lovely unfortunate ladies had done

in her favorite novels. As she lay there and writhed in her distress, she cast about for some way out of her difficulties. She was doubtless very love-sick and sentimental and foolish ; but it was because she was so, that she was able to do the daring thing that she did.

On a certain day in 1775 the gentlemen of the Social Club, or those that were left of it, were to give a dinner at Fraunce's in honor of General Washington, to which of course as the noble sympathiser of the colonies, my Lord Carneveron was invited. It was the day fixed for his duel with Mr. Montmorris, but my Lord could dine with the general and kill Mr. Montmorris comfortably by candle light afterward ; he had no doubts on that score. With either a pistol or a sword in his hand he was a dangerous, not to say a deadly personage, as he knew from a long experience with both weapons, so he gave little thought to the duel before the dinner, hardly more than he gave to the wines they might have between the courses. But he meant to kill him, not merely because he had grossly insulted him, but because he had such wretched manners.

Accordingly, on that balmy day, as he was donning his small-clothes, his bright stockings and his white silk shirt, he smiled cheerfully at his reflection in the mirror, and whistled a merry tune about a certain Malbrooke not going home until morning.

The reflection in the mirror greatly pleased him, and very justly so. His waving black curls gave an air of distinction to his fine, white brow, his brilliant black eyes lighted up a handsome face, and the two rows of straight white teeth put the red of his full lips into strong relief. As he was standing before his pier-glass casting these admiring glances at himself, he was clad only in his yellow breeches and blue stockings and white silk shirt,—the embroidered coat and sword and hat were lying on the bed

near by. The shirt was open in front, displaying a fine expanse of brawny flesh and muscle, unblemished save for a deep black scar which might have been caused by a burn. He stood thus for some time, musing of I know not what, and blue clouds of tobacco smoke rose from a meerschaum pipe which he held in his white hands. Presently came a faint little tap on the door, too faint for his servant, too timid for his landlady.

"Come in," he muttered, not turning his eyes from the pleasing picture in his mirror.

The door opened, some one entered and closed it softly after.

"Well," said he, "what's wanted?"

No reply coming, he turned and looked, and started for his visitor was a lady, young, he guessed,—pretty, he knew,—and closely veiled.

"Ye gods," he cried, "this is unexpected. But what can I do for you, my little dove?"

A succession of gasps escaped from behind the veil but did not succeed in forming themselves into words.

"Come," said he, reassuringly, "there's nought to harm; surely, now that thou art come so far, thou wilt go still further and give me a peep at the bright eyes I know are hidden 'neath that clumsy cloth."

More gasps from the region behind the veil, from the rosebud mouth he knew was hidden there.

"Tut, little sweetheart, why these unavailing sighs? Dost think that I will let thee go as easily as thou didst come? Shall I assist thee, precious?"

So saying he gently raised his hand and grasping the thick veil, with a coy little pull yanked it off and revealed the crimson face of little Mistress van Bostwick.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "Dorothea,—what do you mean by coming to my lodgings in this way? by Heaven, girl, 't would ruin even a future Lady Carneveron

should it be known that she visited her husband this way before her wedding-day."

"O my Lord, my Lord, I am sure I meant nothing by it, but I am in such awful, dreadful, unbearable trouble, of which I needed to tell thee at once, for only you can help me out of it."

"Very right to seek me with your troubles, Dorothea, but not in this manner and in this place."

"But, my Lord, I needed to see thee at once, before to-night, for, O my Lord, they tell me you are going to kill my — to kill poor Roger Montmorris, and, O my Lord, I will be a dutiful wife, if you will just grant me this one favor and promise that you will not fight this dreadful duel."

"Tut, I run no danger, Dolly."

"O I know, my Lord, but poor Roger does, and, as loyal as I mean to be to you, my lord, I — I can't, can't live if you kill him."

"Ah," said Carneveron, his lip curling, "so 'tis for your lover, my lady, that you run this risk of scandal and disgrace; and you can come here and ask me to spare the life of the miserable young puppy who so grossly insulted me, without a blush."

"I am blushing, my lord," said Dolly, catching sight of his open breast and looking down.

"And well you may," snapped her future lord, hastily fastening his shirt, but not before she had caught sight of the ugly scar and had shuddered thereat.

"But, my Lord, surely, you will not do this murder?"

"Surely I will do this murder, you brazen minx," screamed my Lord in a passion, "and just so surely thereafter will you marry me, and repent at leisure for your unwomanly infatuation for this drunkard and gambler."

"Nay, Lord Carneveron, he is neither a drunkard nor a gambler, but a right true man, and a good one, till my



"mother and father drove me into betraying his true love for me for the sake of your false affection and your paltry title."

"So be it, madam, you shall wear the title, and taste of the affection till you are like to be much sicker of it than now you are."

"You are a coward," she cried, "and fain too, I think you are a cheat,—nay hide not your breast as though you were ashamed of it, 'tis not so handsome as your face, but sure I think 'tis like to be more honest,—the scar on it half looks as though you had been branded for your villainy. Do your worst, you wretch: please heaven, there is a way out of this for the man I love; well I know at the last how to escape you."

And so saying she flashed a gleaming knife before him, hid it quickly again in her bosom, and then before he could detain her she was gone, and from his window he saw her enter her chair and be carried around a corner from his sight. He stood at the window some time, now and then laughing harshly, but when he turned to finish his interrupted toilet it was with an angry frown.

Two hours later he was at the dinner at the Tavern chatting merrily with the guests gathered to honor the General from Virginia.

That was a gay yet sad dinner, for all present could not but realize how soon they might be called upon to take up arms against their own blood and kindred. But the wine flowed freely, and warmed more than one gentleman into good humor. Toasts were drunk,—to the King of course, and better counsellors to him, to General Washington and the Army, and the rousing one, "May the enemies of America be turned into saltpetre, and go off in hot blasts." My Lord Carneveron smiled at them all and always touched his glass to his lips, and even proposed one on the time-worn sentiment that "blood is thicker than



water." Speeches were made, and stories told, songs were sung, and healths drunk in all the kinds of wine that Black Sam possessed.

In another chamber of the Tavern young Montmorris was pacing up and down with anxious strides, for the duel was to be fought that very evening at ten o'clock, with swords, in a private room engaged by my lord from Sam Fraunce with no little difficulty. Roger fully expected to be killed; and so long as death was inevitable, it were well to have it over with as soon as possible. It was gall to think that my Lord was calmly eating and drinking in the Long Room below.

But at length ten o'clock struck and he heard the merry voices of Carneveron and his seconds on the stairs, so he called to Norris, his friend, and bade him go and meet them.

Below in the dining-room the merriment still continued. The gentlemen, engaged in their drinking and jesting or buried in political discussions with their neighbors, had not noticed Lord Carneveron's withdrawal; except Mr. Washington, who raised his eyebrows slightly but made no comment. As they were laughing and talking a woman appeared in the doorway, and notwithstanding Black Sam's frantic protests, insisted on asking,

"Is my father present?"

"La," cried a tipsy wag, "'tis pretty Doll van Bostwick. Enter, little maiden, and tell us thy errand."

But Mr. Washington waved his hand with a gesture of reproof, rose quickly and went to where Mistress Dorothea was standing in the doorway. The General was a warm friend of the patroon and his family.

"Your father has been detained at his offices at the wharves, ma'am, but can I not be of some service to you?"

Dolly hesitated for a moment, but his calm glance and cordial smile reassured her.

"If you but will, sir, for I am in deep trouble."

With grave courtesy the general placed his hand on hers and led her into an antechamber out of sight and sound of the revelry in the Long Room.

It took scarce more than five minutes for Dolly to pour her tale of woe into Mr. Washington's ears, and to confide her startling plan for the rescue of her lover from the clutches of the nobleman.

When she had finished, Mr. Washington straightway ascended the long stairway and boldly knocked on the door of the private apartment,—the frightened Dolly was at his heels.

Within the apartment my Lord Carneveron and Mr. Montmorris stood face to face, with swords in their hands,—my Lord smiling, confident, almost merry, Roger white, and determined not to die without a gallant struggle. Involuntarily, as the door opened and revealed Mr. Washington and Mistress van Bostwick in the entry, they stopped, and made for the moment as though to lay aside their rapiers.

Then my Lord grew very red, and exclaimed with a smothered oath,

"What is the meaning of this interruption? Mr. Washington, have you so small a sense of the fitness of things that you bring a lady to witness a duel?"

"Sir," said Mr. Washington, very gravely and sternly, "I am not accustomed to do unusual things without sufficient reason, and in this instance I have no apology to offer."

"I trust then, sir, you have an explanation to give me," returned my lord, touching his sword with meaning.

"One that I trust will be quite satisfactory," replied Mr. Washington, in no wise abashed.

"Then, sir, I beg you will make it at once and allow our business here to be concluded."

Roger had stood amazed and mystified, staring at Dolly with wild eyes, but at this he too turned and begged that they might be interrupted no longer.

"Then, gentlemen, lay aside your swords, for this duel can not go on."

"A truce, sir, to this impertinence," cried my lord, "will you have done, Mr. Washington, or must I —?"

"Carneveron," exclaimed the general sharply, "I came here to seek no quarrel, but to prevent foul murder, as this duel was like to be, and to mete out stern punishment if I am forced to do so."

My Lord cast up his hands in dumb rage and astonishment.

"Aye, to mete out punishment. In the first place, you know full well that a game of cards played with a defective pack, whosoever the fault, should not hold between gentlemen of so-called honor; and in the next, that, however innocent you may be of duplicity in this game, you took advantage of a young and inexperienced player, who was under the influence of strong drink; and, finally, the record of your quarrels is so unsavory in England, that one must look with some suspicion upon your great winnings in America."

"By heaven, sir," cried my Lord, "though you were the governor-general of the Americas, I would avenge these insults, and whereas you are but a paltry commander of a few regiments of disloyal militia, I —"

"You forget," remarked Mr. Washington very quietly, "that I was formerly your master and that you were my bond-servant, an indentured convict sent out from England."

"You lie," screamed my Lord, with a ghastly sneer, "George Washington, you lie."

"James Donovan, bare your breast before these gentlemen, and then aver that you are not a branded convict, dare to tell them that you did not escape from my plantation at Mt. Vernon, dare to tell them that you are not masquerading now as an English nobleman, and that you are

not in this country as a spy of the home government. Raise your finger if you dare, and I will place you under arrest and have you brought to trial for felony."

Carneveron, white and ghastly, looked around at the startled, anxious faces before him, at Mr. Washington's stern, unbending countenance; his fingers worked convulsively for a moment or so about his sword-handle as though he were meditating a fight for his life, then they relaxed, his lips softened into a faint smile and he began to laugh—

"So the game is up, eh? Curse you, Montmorris, had you not played cards with me, all might have been well; curse you, Washington, if you had been a little slower, I'd have made an end of that worthless young cub. Really, this is like the last act of a play, only I've missed my cue and so don't understand exactly why it has turned out so."

"That was simple enough," said Mr. Washington, "I had been advised of your presence in this country in private letters from England, under what style or title I did not know, but at work at mischief I was sure. I little recognized you to-night in the nobleman asked to meet me at the dinner, and should not have done so had not Mistress van Bostwick arrived and begged me to interfere in the duel that she informed me was about to take place in this apartment. She told me then of her rash visit to your lodgings to-day and of her discovering the brand on your breast which led her to suspect that you had been a felon; I put two and two together and at once suspected who you were, and the moment I entered the room, I recognized you."

"'Tis like a play," cried Carneveron, "the villain unmasked, the heroine rescued from an unlovely fate, the hero from an untimely death by the noble gentleman who aspires to be leader of his people. Was anything better ever done at Drury Lane?"

"And may I ask," he went on, as they all continued

to stare at him with curiosity and amazement, "what you mean to do next?"

"I think the affair need go no further," said Mr. Washington, "if you return his money to Mr. Montmorris, announce publicly that Mistress van Bostwick has declined the offer of your hand, and then quietly leave the country."

"And if I refuse?" asked the erstwhile nobleman.

"Then we might put you into close confinement for your natural life for your numerous misdemeanors while you were in my employ at Mt. Vernon, to say nothing of other unpleasant matters that have come to my notice since you left it. But for the sake of Mistress van Bostwick I am willing to see the prison cheated."

"And I," resumed Carneveron, could not be so ungalant as to cause any further mortification to the young lady with whom I hoped to share my title and estates."

"Well said," commented Mr. Washington, "will you return with me, my Lord, to the dining-room? Our guests must e'en now be wondering at our absence."

"Willingly, sir. Gentlemen, I thank you for your willingness to serve me. Mr. Montmorris, I wish you joy, 'unlucky at cards' you know, 'lucky at love.' Mistress van Bostwick, your very humble servant."

With these words he bowed deeply, then turned to Mr. Washington, and together they left the room.

With a cry, Roger sprang towards Dolly and all unheeding the amused smiles of his erstwhile lieutenants clasped her in his arms. With a frightened little sob she nestled there, and laid her head against his shoulder.

While this touching little scene between true lovers was taking place in the apartment above stairs, my Lord Carneveron and General Washington returned arm and arm to their guests in the dining-room below.

They were welcomed back most cordially, and in his

enthusiasm over the happy spectacle of an Englishman and an American in so fraternal an attitude, Mr. Jay called merrily for a fresh bowl of punch and proposed "The Crown and the Colonies." The toast was drunk with a hearty good-will and with a rousing cheer for my Lord Carneveron, and would that there were more Englishmen like him.

Nothing would do but that he must respond: even Mr. Washington nodded, as though it was certainly expected of him, so at last with a fine little gesture of deprecation, my Lord arose.

"Friends," said he, "I thank you most kindly for these expressions of your good will, of which I am so unworthy (Cries of "No, no!") and I trust that the time will always be when we can link the Crown and the Colonies in our toasts with clean consciences, yet, if not, we will be able to drink to the Colonies, because they will be right. (Cheers.) I take this opportunity, gentlemen, to thank you for your kindnesses of the past and present, as I shall have no other chance to make public expression of my gratitude. On the morrow, I sail in the good ship *Queen Caroline* for home. As I have failed to persuade Mistress van Bostwick to accompany me, the hope of which has held me here thus long, I have no longer an excuse to desert my duties at Carneveron Castle. I leave here on the best of terms with everyone, even with the rash young man, whose only fault is his impetuosity, who disputed with me at cards; our differences have been settled, and we part good friends. It but remains for me to beg that when any of my good friends in America visit home they will do me the honor to partake of my salt at Carneveron Castle in Devonshire or at my London house. Gentlemen; again and again I thank you."

A chorus of cheers arose as my Lord took his seat by Mr. Washington's side. He bowed and bowed and smiled

once more ; then, sinking back, exclaimed into Mr. Washington's ear,

"I can no more. For God's sake, help me ring down the curtain."

—*Latta Griswold.*

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### REMEMBRANCE

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The blue flags nod beside the sluggish stream,  
And through the rustling reeds and past the trees  
The wind is wand'ring futilely. The bees,  
Who yet so busy in their errands seem,  
Have long ago forgotten what they deem  
Work to be done. And through the sleepy mist  
I see fair forms, by broken sunlight kissed,  
On Lethe's bank, where they lie, still, and dream.

But since I keep the memory of Thine eyes,  
I have not joined with that oblivious throng,  
Nor have I found Thy face there, wand'ring long  
In search of Thee. Why should I then disguise  
This hope which rises out of all my fears —  
That Thou, too, hold'st some thought of former years?  
—*Pax. P. Hibben.*



### A PERSONAL ESTIMATE OF BYRON

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"Judge not others by yourselves," is a time honored maxim, but, like many such, it is not strictly true. For although our personal experience is but a little lamp to guide our footsteps, its light is clear and true. So in this paper I purpose to give not a critical estimate of Byron's work, but merely a record of the impression left on me by a man who has fascinated and influenced me more than any other poet.

A great writer of the first half of the nineteenth century said that in a generation "the magical potency that once belonged to the name of Byron" would be forgotten, and he would come to be regarded merely as a writer. We are now living in that generation, and does not the Byron of Missolonghi still thrill us as well as the grandest passages of "Childe Harold?" There are but few men, men like Socrates, Dante and Beethoven, whose personalities exercise over us an influence approaching that of Byron; for, widely different as these men were in their natures and pursuits, their lives cast the same magic spell that lives on through the ages, indestructible and immortal. In Byron's case, nature gave, circumstance increased, and popular imagination amplified tenfold a personality which, by its mystery, force and tragic power, electrified and astonished the Europe of his day; and even now, although time and fierce and adverse criticism have made our attitude more impartial, when we read of that strange and contradictory man, we still feel the power of his magnificent personality.

Before the publication of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" he had led a somewhat peculiar and unusual life, and, when the attention of society was turned toward him, his peculiarities naturally increased, after the immemorial custom of authors. He was of noble birth, young, handsome (in spite of a slight lameness), unhappy, and



above all, a poet and a genius. It is here that so many of his critics step in and say that he was theatrical — a poser. In a certain sense this is undoubtedly true. Moore tells us that in company he affected an air of melancholy and abstraction, which the public supposed to be natural to the author of "*Childe Harold*," but which was in reality assumed to hide embarrassment. He introduced the famous low "Byronic collar;" he hinted mysteriously at his connection with pirates and other outlaws during his travels in the Levant; he was fond of being identified with his own wild heroes and of being considered a fierce outcast from society; in short, he acted much as any other young man would have done under the same circumstances.

Imagine yourself working for months and with little encouragement over a poem. You see it go slowly through the press. As the day for publication approaches you nearly despair. At last the day arrives. You awake and find yourself famous, your table loaded with letters from statesmen and philosophers, the house of a Maecenas thrown open to you, and the Prince Regent desiring an introduction. The wine of fame is one that few can taste without intoxication. If it excited Caesar and Napoleon, is there any wonder that it made Byron drunk?

For some months after his first success he wrote little and plunged into the swirl of London society. But Byron was more than a handsome social fop. There was a far deeper and sincerer side to his nature, which few ever saw and which it was his caprice to mask through life. In his lonely boyhood at Aberdeen, afterward at Harrow, (where he said in later life he had spent his happiest days) and at Cambridge, he was known to most as an idle, sullen, proud, passionate boy. Only a few friends, whom he loved with a devotion that was as exacting as it was sincere, knew of this idle boy's fierce fits of study, or how easily his sullenness and pride were overcome by kindness and love. Yes,

there were two Byrons, and the second was the true one. Forget for a moment the popular idea of a heartless, dissipated libertine, and follow the man, strong, brave, and uncomplaining, over the mountains of Switzerland and of Albania; stand with him in the moonlit Coliseum, and try to feel the fire that stirred his breast when he saw the Gulf of Salamis and the Plain of Marathon, and wrote:—

"The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave."

Now-a-days, when our poetry, howsoever poor and feeble it may be in matter, is perfect in metre and rhythm, the sensitive and fastidious ears of our critics are offended by the "harshness" and "faultiness" of some of Byron's work. Write nonsense, if only it be musical nonsense, and you are safe. Without doubt some of Byron's poetry is carelessly written, but the general impression is that *all* of it is faulty, that it was impossible for him to write—

"The convent bells are ringing,  
But mournfully and slow;  
In the gray square turret swinging,  
With a deep sound to and fro;  
Heavily to the heart they go!  
Hark! the hymn is singing  
The song for the dead below."

and much else equally perfect.

When I read Tennyson, I am pleased and often astonished; when I read Shelley, I wonder and admire; but when I read Byron, I am *stirred*. And this power to arouse, together with a vigor and force that are entirely lacking in present-day poetry, I take to be the chief characteristics of Lord Byron's work. It is this very passion, or power of arousing, that makes Byron's poetry great, and at the same time causes the complaints of the critics. Do you suppose

that Byron thought of poetical form when he wrote the "Apostrophe to Ocean?" No! he heard only the long, resistless roar of the breakers, and felt his soul stirred by that image of endless strife and power. In the poetry of Byron there is a largeness of conception and a breadth of execution that transcends the mere technicalities of art. In his descriptions of nature he is not minutely accurate like Wordsworth. He likes rather to paint a scene in a few vivid, fiery words, blazing with the passion that was the soul of his genius. Take one last example, the celebrated passage from "Childe Harold," beginning —

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,"

Here is poetry reflecting the very soul of Byron,—the gentleness, the love of nature, the passion and the stern joy in the fury of the elements that seem but a glorious reflection of the poet's own dark and stormy mind. I think if some of our present-day readers will read over "Childe Harold," "Manfred," and "Don Juan," they will not fail to see why Matthew Arnold said Byron was "the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power,—which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare."

I do not undertake, as some have done, to make myself Byron's apologist, but I cannot leave this subject without at least a few words on his life. It is the man whose virtues seem to us greater than his faults whom we love, admire, or revere. And this is perhaps the reason that Byron appeals to me. I recognize his faults. They were many, and some of them deadly, but somehow "with all his imperfections on his head," I love him. And those of us who cannot love him can at least pity when we think of the misery and sorrow of that unhappy life. Wherever we see Byron,—at school, at college, on his travels, or during his long Italian exile, he has "the old unquiet breast." No passion, no pleasure, no wanderings in a foreign land, ever

took from him the sorrow and pain that went with him through life. One day in an old Italian churchyard he saw on a tomb the inscription—"Implora pace." Can not we make the same supplication for a soul that knew no peace? There is but one thing more to say. It is the final scene at Missolonghi. The house is full of terrified servants. Confusion, misery, and discomfort surround the death-bed of the dying poet. In vain he tries to give some last message, until, finding himself no longer understood, he turns over wearily and says, "Now I shall go to sleep."

—*Raymond S. Williams.*

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### THE CHATEAU OF LES ROCHERS

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Yes, Monsieur, it is an old story, and oh, so terrible. Before that the chateau was lively, with gay young lords and ladies; for the young lord was a good companion and fond of mirthful company. That is he, the one on the right, with the burning eyes. That scar,—you see it just over the left cheek where the hair curls backward—that he received at Ivry. My grandfather's father was with him there, and caught him as he reeled from his horse. They thought him dead; but in a moment he was calling to them to bandage the wound; and mounting his horse again, was among the foremost in the great victory. Yes, the chateau was bright and merry in his day; but since then it has been dark and gloomy. The present lord seldom comes to his home now, and when he does there is little laughter among the company. It is impossible to break the spell.

Will I tell you how it happened? Yes, but it is sad,

sad ; and though I heard the tale from my grandfather, it seems very real to me. You know, Monsieur, we have lived here always ; and those who dwell long in the chateau grow grave and old before their time. It is the spirit of the place.

The Lady Louise,—she is the one with the dark eyes and hair, and the little scornful droop at the corners of her mouth ; tall she was and graceful, and a rare horsewoman ; my grandfather has told me of the charming sight it was when she and the young lord rode together, both so young and handsome and vivacious — well, she loved the young lord. But she never gave a sign of her love, for she knew that he was betrothed to his cousin, the Lady Mary. You see her in that picture,— beautiful, yes, but haughty and disdainful.

The Lady Louise was the ward of the old lord, the orphan daughter of the Duke of Couney, who had come to live at the chateau when her father fell in the battle of Coutras. The young lord seemed happier when she came, for the Lady Mary was not one to love or make her lover merry. Often he rode with the Lady Louise ; or together they would stand on the balcony out there and look toward the river flowing in the distance, and on the hills beyond. And sometimes, in the evening, when they all sat together she would sing some plaintive ballad of by-gone days, to the accompaniment of her harp.

But neither he nor she ever gave the Lady Mary cause for jealousy ; they both respected the betrothal. And yet her manner became more and more imperious ; and once, because the horse moved as she was about to mount, she struck my grandfather with her whip. The Lady Louise's face flushed with anger, and she jumped from her horse, saying she cared not to ride that afternoon. After that there was a strain between them, and they spoke to each other only formally. The young lord said nothing, but

rode more often alone with the Lady Louise. And her manner was lighter, and she laughed more merrily,—but her laughter was not from the heart.

At last there came the tragedy. It was when the lord was returning from the tourney of Avalon. The ladies were seated on the balcony to welcome him home, the Lady Louise flushed and playful, the Lady Mary reserved and standing apart from her. As the young lord rode past, she leaned forward and, smiling, threw toward him a rose; but he, never noticing her, looked full at the Lady Louise, and taking off his hat, kissed it and waved it gracefully to her. Then he passed on; but not before the Lady Mary had seen fastened within his hat the Lady Louise's glove. For an instant she swayed unsteadily; and then, turning to the Lady Louise, said, tauntingly:

"It seems, my lady, that he loves you."

The Lady Louise drew herself to her full height, and with a mocking smile, replied: "Yes,—and I love him."

The blood surged to the cheeks of the Lady Mary; and, beside herself with passion, she cried:

"You adventuress, you woman of the streets, you beggar for love, you have come here to steal the heart of my betrothed with your low arts. But you shall not! by heaven, you shall not!"

The face of the Lady Louise was pale, but the smile still played mockingly about her lips, as she answered:

"Woman, he loves me because he cannot love you—*You!* (and there was unbridled scorn in her tone). But know that I have twice refused to marry my lord, because he was your betrothed. As for you and your taunts, we are women and cannot fight; but I see that even women can lie!"

"Cannot fight?" said the Lady Mary, in low, swift tone, "I have long been skilled in the art of the sword, and I doubt not your lover has taught you how to protect

a renegade. But come inside, on the wall there hang a pair of blades which my grandfather long ago used in a duel with a traitor. Choose the one you wish,—the other shall be mine."

"As you will," replied the Lady Louise.

And in the little room, there, this strange fight occurred. The Lady Mary was indeed a skillful swordswoman, but the Lady Louise was the more supple and active, and parried well the thrusts. How the duel would have ended cannot be told, for Lady Louise never tried to do more than defend herself, and the Lady Mary was beginning to control her passion; but down the long stairway, on the floor below, the young lord's step was heard, and his voice rang out loud and clear, singing one of the Lady Louise's songs,

"Come, lay me soft, and draw me near,  
And lay thy white hand over me—"

and at the end of each verse, he added, "My Louise." The Lady Louise seemed to forget the fight, and her defense fell, as she smiled. With a sudden lunge forward, the Lady Mary thrust her sword into the bosom of the woman before her, and drew it out covered with blood. At that instant the young lord, still singing, entered the room. As he saw the blood slowly trickling down the Lady Louise's dress, his face paled, and for an instant he paused, astounded; then running to her side, he kneeled, and, with a cry, raised her head.

"My lord," she said, softly, "my love, you have come, but that I may bid you adieu," and with these words she died.

"Louise, Louise, what is this?—my queen! my heart! my life!—Adieu, Louise?—Adieu!—My God! dead?" . . . and so he raved until the Lady Mary came forward, and in a hard, dry voice said:

"Yes, my lord, she is dead; and with that sword I killed her."

"You?"

"Yes,—because we both—loved you!"

"You loved me! And did you think that I could love you? you thing of evil! you spirit of night! you fury from hell! you—" And then, suddenly checking himself, he turned toward the Lady Louise, who smiled gently, even as she died, and said tenderly:

"Ah, Louise, not adieu, but—welcome!" and with these words he raised the bloody sword and fell upon it.

Ah, Monsieur, it is sorrowful. They buried them out yonder, side by side; and when the old lord had looked long at the freshly covered graves, he mounted his horse and rode away from the chateau forever. They say he died before Laon, but I do not know; it was long ago, long ago.

"And the Lady Mary?"

She died not long afterward in the turret which looks toward the river; and sometimes, on a stormy night, the old stairs creak, and into the little room there a strange, white figure glides, and, with bowed head, kneels on the spot where the Lady Louise died. Yes, Monsieur, I have seen it once. But it is a mournful tale, a mournful tale.

—*McQueen S. Wightman.*



## EDITORIAL

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The attention of contributors is called to **Notice** to the fact that all contributions for the October number must be in the editors' hands by September 21st—three days after the opening of the fall term.

The *LIT.* will offer three prizes next **Lit. Prizes** year, to be competed for by members of the classes of 1903, 1904 and 1905. Following the usual custom, Ten dollars will be given to the winner of the Oratorical Contest on Washington's Birthday. Ten dollars will be awarded to the writer of the best poem, (the length of which must not exceed fifty lines.) And Twenty-five dollars will be given to the author of the best short story, (which will be limited in length to four thousand words.) The *LIT.* will reserve the right of publishing the successful articles.

Beginning with the May number, we **The Lit.** have begun the policy of copyrighting every issue of this magazine. This, of course, is **Copyrighted** done not in the pecuniary interest of the *LIT.* itself, but purely out of regard for the interests of its contributors. The *LIT.* will maintain no permanent proprietary right in any of its articles, but will cede all such right to each author, if the latter desires, and is able, to dispose of his work to some publisher.

We have always appreciated the feeling of some ambitious young writers, that they would rather try their chances with some regular publisher than give their pro-

ductions to the LIT. Formerly, of course, no publisher would be willing to purchase any story or poem that might have already appeared in the LIT., for he would have no protection against its being pirated. Now, on the other hand, all the contents of each issue will be protected under national copyright, and no man need be deterred from submitting to his college magazine the best of what he can produce.

Another debating season closed on May  
**The Year's** 12th, and Harvard still remains undefeated. Yet we can acknowledge no feeling of  
**Intercollegiate** shame over the work of the past year. The team that represented us against Yale and  
**Debating** Harvard is conceded on all sides to have been one of the strongest, if not the very strongest, that has ever debated for Princeton. We rejoiced in the victory over Yale, and we were proud of the men who worked so earnestly and so unselfishly to add glory to Princeton, and we think it is no unjustified vanity to contend, that the highest praise that it is possible to give the Harvard men is given in saying that our team was defeated by them. Princeton could not be more proud of the men who represented her that night, if the decision of the judges had actually awarded the victory to them.

But we must not let ourselves be discouraged. Let us look forward to the next year with all the more grim determination to win a victory at last from both Harvard and Yale.

## GOSSIP:

### OF COMMENCEMENT AND THINGS INTELLECTUAL

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Icy commence Villon à entrer en matière pleine d'érudition et de bon savoir.

—*François Villon*; "*Le Grand Testament*."

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers shoppes; thus doing, you shall bee of kinne to many a poetickall Preface; thus doing, you shall be most favre, most ritche, most wise, most all, you shall dwell upon Superlatives.

—*Sir Philip Sidney*; "*An Apologie for Poetrie*."

Our Commencements are all wrong. The Gossip has never approved of them. To be sure, they make a great many people happy: the trustees have (or let us hope they have) that comfortable feeling that is the reward of judicious benevolence; the members of the faculty have a parade that exhibits to the best advantage their various insignia of academic distinction; the old grads have celebrations that leave certain impressions, rather less ephemeral; the grads in chrysalis revel in sentiment, speech-making, and combinations of the two, besides other things; the undergraduate body, especially those just bursting forth into the richly-colored blossom of sophomoredom, enjoy the contemplation of their own dignity. So a little sunshine is brought into a number of lives.

But what is there intellectual in all this? How is the inexperienced visitor to realize the ferment of mental activity seething below the surface of our gaiety? Upon whom falls the duty of making the necessary revelation that our buildings—Dickinson, Whig and Clio, Edwards, are indeed halls of learning?

In all probability, dear reader, you and the Gossip are the only two people in Princeton who, amid the distractions of Commencement, have at heart the intellectual interests of the university; and you—you are not an editor of a magazine now in its sixtieth year of prosperity. There is but one alternative; it devolves upon the Gossip to address the multitude and to give abiding proof of our scholarship.

The task comes opportunely, for he is now preparing for publication a work to be known as *Ars Artium: A Treatise on the Scientific Manufacture of Literature*. In the urgent need of his alma mater, he is willing to cull and set before you such extracts from this volume as seem most fitting to the occasion. First a few general remarks:

Do not let any verb go without its adverb, nor any noun without at

least one qualifying adjective; that would surely be an inexcusable waste of excellent opportunities. Remember that some knowledge of syntax, though not a common acquirement, is often helpful to a writer. Do not use more than twenty-five nor less than four words in a sentence; an average of seventeen and three eighths yields the best results. Do not be sparing of your classical knowledge; that is what you came to college for: a nice little Greek or Latin phrase (or even French, German, Italian, Turkish, or Welsh, if you can do no better) is always impressive, and gives your work *un bon goût*. Read Shakespeare, De Quincey, and the Gossip.

Now for a more detailed study of the several branches of literature:

ESSAYS.—Caution is the prime requisite of an essay: scrupulously avoid even the suspicion of setting forth any idea that has not been sanctioned by time and use. If, however, you feel called upon to propound any novel doctrine, be careful to disclaim all revolutionary intentions. In the exordium of your essay give proof of your sincerity, either by inserting a panegyric of somebody or something, or by declaring, compassionately but firmly, what you think of those who dissent from your view.

STORIES.—These are of two sorts, college tales and others. The latter class is negligible. College tales must involve a poler, a sport, and a captain of some team or other; supernumeraries according to taste. As the result of many experiments, the most serviceable design for a story of this class has been determined as follows: Poler and Sport sit next each other in Chapel; thus begins a mutual attachment; they parade the campus together, Sport's arm around Poler's neck; Poler is in consequence elected to the Moonshine Club (or the Terrestrial Club will do), and Sport reforms and takes to leading the higher life; Poler and Sport, gazing wistfully at the mournful leafless trees *en silhouette* against the sky, discuss philosophy, literature, and life in general; years go by; Poler dies; Sport weeps.

VERSE.—At least mitigate the evil by adopting a familiar verse-form: your consideration will not go unappreciated. For example, if your reader, counting the lines before commencing his task, discovers that there are fourteen of them, he will presume that you have written a sonnet, and will scan accordingly. Above all, inasmuch as the charm of verse lies in the elusive mystery of remote figures of speech, do not say bluntly just what you mean,—you could do that in prose.

TIGER JOKES.—These, being manufactured in Trenton by a secret process, are beyond the comprehension of all but the makers.

In offering you, my dear reader, these crumbs of advice, the Gossip has striven not to be dogmatic, not to be too self-conscious and proud of his position; but merely to present, in a spirit of all humility, a few kernels of good grain gleaned from an armful of critical straw, to be derided or accepted—As You Like It.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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From Vassar this month comes an editorial on the loss of individuality, as evidenced by the seemingly inevitable type of college girl. The remonstrance has universal application, for what college is not heir to this malady? Hero-worship seems to have become type-worship, and we are fostering a handicap to normal development. Following the fad in the furnishing of one's room, (the editorial complains of this) is not very bad; the limiting of one's vocabulary to the college vernacular is worse; but most deplorable of all is the narrowing the field of one's ideas to the popular stock of college notions about things in general. What a pitiable sight it is to see a man, by changing his views on most important matters to suit the general taste, cease to be an original thinker for himself. We really seem to be in danger of this. It is dreadfully monotonous to know exactly what a man's reply will be to every question,—perhaps no reply other than the worn out "Right!" When shall we be freed from the awful echo of that word! Perhaps,—if we may change the phrasing of the quotation,—"When the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest." But dearth of vocabulary is pardonable in comparison with dearth of ideas. The maturity of judgment that one gains from meeting those whose ideas vary from his own, is perhaps the greatest benefit from college life, and it should be so. A man may, however, strive to emulate the best in those around him, without for an instant losing his personality. Not emulation but imitation works dilution. The precept "To thine own self be true," should read quite often, "Be thyself!" Let none conceal his individuality; his college needs it more than she needs another exponent of the type, however good that type may be. The best communities are made up of many men, not of many duplicates of the same man.

The magazines for May contain a remarkably good selection of articles. Four essays,—"Sidney Lanier" in the *Amherst Lit.*, "Henry Nimrod" in the *Williams Lit.*, "Washington Irving" and "Thomas Chatterton" in the (April) *Holy Cross Purple*—are attempts to interpret the entire work of individual men. They show appreciative study of a single author, but it were well if the Contents more often included an interpretation of a historical period of literature, or of a particular form of prose or poetry, or of a period in an author's life. Of the kind just suggested we find "The Child-Poetry of Stevenson and Field" in the

*Yale Lit.*, and "A Comparison of Tennyson's Earlier and Later Lyrics" in the *Vassar Miscellany*.

The stories are with a few exceptions well written, and the plots well chosen. "The Cats of Miaulx" by Vincent Beede in the (April) *Harvard Monthly*, and "The Liberators" by Stuart Sherman in the *Williams Lit.* are especially meritorious, because in each the writer has selected a setting which necessitates careful treatment, and the stories are more than the narration of incidents that might have happened anywhere or at almost any time. *The Yale Courant* and *The Morningside* have their usual quota of interesting tales.

Special mention should be made of "The Holy Shadow" by Elsa Longyear in the *Smith Monthly*, though the poem is too long to quote.

### THE CLOISTRESS

To solemn worship in the templed skies,  
Behold ! she comes at twilight's dreamy close,  
The cloistress Dusk, within her hair the rose  
Tints of the cloud-drifts, in her wistful eyes  
A light that speaks of pity, tears and sighs.  
Her wind-touched hair, that o'er her shoulder flows,  
Has caught the sunset gold which fainter grows  
As all the glory of the sunlight dies.

In purple priesthood's sombre state Night stands,  
A lonely spectre in the darkening gloom.  
He beckons her to cross the shadow lands,  
And waves his drowsy wand of lotus bloom.  
His voice of beauty calls her o'er the deep,—  
She goes, and in Night's arms Dusk falls asleep.

—Floyd W. Jefferson, in the *Yale Courant*.

### THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Look not for Truth where hoary Wisdom stands,  
Who, though still doubting if his way be right,  
Yet ever beckons on with lifted hands  
To follow his dim sight.

Search not for him where childish Ignorance looks,  
Conning his lesson with a vacant stare ;  
He is not prisoned in the lore of books,  
Thou wilt not find him there.

Go forth to Nature ! Hurl thy vain thought far ;  
Gaze on the field and stream, mountain and sea ;  
Drink of the earth and sky, flower and star ;  
Behold, Truth throbs in thee !

—Henry David Gray, in the *Columbia Lit.*

## BOOK TALK

*The Helmet of Navarre.* By Bertha Runkle. The Century Company.  
\$1.50.

It is a distinct pleasure to turn from the worthless mass of pseudo-historical novels, to find at one's elbow such a romance as "The Helmet of Navarre."

In this, the author's first book, she has scored a well-merited success. I suppose there are as many violent deaths to the chapter in this as in any other of its school, but that is a necessity in writing of such a time, and is almost an essential factor of its local colour.

The story is told by Felix Broux, a page in the family of the St. Suentins; and it is hard to decide who is the more important personage, this page or his master, the Comte de Mar, son of the Duc de Suentin, and the supposed hero. Felix is a young lad, and the writer is a young writer, consequently the book has an air of spontaneity and freshness that seems very pleasant after the forced productions of the would-be followers of Dumas.

The scene is laid in Paris during the investment of the city by Henry Navarre, and occupies four days of the week preceding his declaration of adherence to the Catholic faith.

The Comte de Mar hesitates to join the fortunes of Henry, as his heart's interest lies with a cousin of the Duc de Mayenne, the leader of the Holy League in Paris. Lorraine, the Rose of Lorraine, is indeed the kind of a girl who would make a man forget his duty; and after we have known her for a few chapters we do not wonder that Mar refuses to yield to an apparently inexorable fate, and give her up.

The arch-villain is a left-hand cousin of Mayenne, a certain Lucas, and he is a villain in the most literal acceptance of the term. His greatest desire is to win the heart of his cousin, the Rose of Lorraine, and, failing that, he is equally willing to accept her hand without her love.

After the Comte de Mar has had numerous hair's breadth escapes, he finally manages to gain admittance to his lady love, disguised as a Florentine jeweller. The ever-present page is with him, and is the unwilling auditor of some very tender love passages.

Mar is finally captured by his enemy and is thrown into the Bastille. Lorraine, hearing of his incarceration, and seeing no other escape from a marriage with his cousin, flees to the King's camp at St. Denis, surrendering herself to Henry. De Suentin walks into the lion's jaws and

beckons Mayenne in his den, forcing him to give his consent to Mar's marriage with Lorraine; after which piece of tremendous diplomacy he is suffered to depart from Paris unharmed, with the promise of his son's immediate release from the Bastille. This is, without doubt, the weakest place in the book, for Mayenne knows that his ward is perfectly safe in the hands of Henry; and there seems no reason in the world why he should remove his hitherto tremendous opposition to her marriage with Mar.

Mar is released, and sets out with a light heart for St. Denis and his lady love, but his troubles and his adventures are by no means at an end; for Lucas steps out from a doorway and handing a naked sword to him leaves him to a deserted house, on the top floor of which they fight. While the duel is in progress, the friends of Lucas enter the house, and escape is seemingly impossible, but Felix is, as usual, equal to the emergency, and running to the window, persuades the owner of an inn opposite to reach a ladder across to them. Mar kills Lucas, and after pinning the hand of a minor villain to the wall with a dagger, makes good his escape, and wins his bride.

We see but little of Navarre, but glimpses of his character are presented to us in a masterly fashion. The usual "Ventre St. Gris" is present, and is the one factor I would wish eliminated. It would be a remarkable sensation to read of Henry of Navarre, without having that much hackneyed oath staring one continually in the face.

The book is interesting from cover to cover, and is the best of its kind I have read in many years.

—C. W. C.

*A Soldier of Virginia.* By Burton Egbert Stevenson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

I have very little but praise for Mr. Stevenson's latest book. The "Soldier of Virginia" is one Thomas Stewart, who tells his own story, and relates his experience in the unfortunate campaign that culminated in the fiasco of Fort Duquesne, and the death of General Braddock.

Stewart's father had had a quarrel with his family concerning his fiancée, in consequence of which he had sworn never to claim his inheritance unless asked to return to his home. At his death, he makes his son promise not to claim his rights unless they are freely offered him. Stewart goes to live with his grandfather, and is finally sent to William and Mary College. Several years later, at an assembly ball, he unexpectedly meets his cousin, who has grown into a beautiful young woman, and, as is quite natural under the circumstances, he at once falls in love with her. It is at this same ball that he first meets Washington, who is at this time a colonel in one of the Virginia provincial regiments. From



this point the story moves rapidly forward. The unsuccessful but not disgraceful episode of Fort Necessity is followed by Braddock's expedition and defeat; while meanwhile the hero has won the heart of his cousin Dorothy.

The love story is beautifully told and has all the charm of an old medallion, while we could very well imagine Dorothy as the original of a Copely portrait. The character of Washington is brought forcibly before the reader. Mr. Stevenson fortunately has none of that diffidence with which most novelists handle the character of the great soldier and statesman, and after one has read "A Soldier of Virginia," he feels that he has been introduced to a new point of view from which he can admire and wonder at him.

General Braddock is presented with a great deal of the author's sympathy, and one can not but sympathize with the unfortunate Englishman who in spite of his fatal pride, was the bravest of soldiers and the most courteous of gentlemen.

The last fifty pages of the book are rather weaker than all that goes before. Of course the hero "comes into his own," and, the paternal opposition being overcome, marries the heroine, and in that last he is very fortunate, for even the reader can hardly help falling under the spell of her charming personality.

—C. W. C.

*Love-in-a-Mist* (Being the Selected Poems of Post Wheeler.) The Camelot Co. New York.

If it is a pleasure to call attention to any volume from the pen of a Princeton man, it is ten times a pleasure when he has been in his undergraduate days editorially identified with the LIT. An edition of the selected poems of Post Wheeler '91 was announced about the middle of last month by the Camelot Company. The appearance of "*Love-in-a-Mist*," just at this juncture seems to us at Princeton very timely, in view of the great decennial reunion which Mr. Wheeler's class is about to celebrate here this June. Though all, or nearly all, of these poems have seen the light of day before they were published in this collected form, it was in little, out-of-the-way corners of the daily press mainly of one New York daily, that they appeared. Yet that could not keep them hidden, and although the identity and personality of "Post Wheeler" has been wrapped in mystery for some ten years, the name has come to be almost as well known as that of any living modern poet.

The charm of such lovely lyrics as are many of these defies analysis. All that such a notice as this can do is to call attention to the volume, in the certainty that every one who takes it up will find himself charmed and fascinated beyond expression. The Cleveland World has named

Post Wheeler "The Stephen Phillip of America," and the title does not seem a misnomer. Mr. Wheeler is well worthy to take his place among that brilliant galaxy of younger Princeton men of letters, of whose names we are so proud — Booth Tarkington, Jesse Lynch Williams, Burton Egbert Stevenson, and our own Professor Walter Wyckoff.

—E. H. K.

*The Wizard's Knot* By William Barry. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

This is a story of Irish life. The time is about a generation ago, but the condition of affairs so described has not entirely passed away even today. The motive of the author is to display the relations between landlord and peasant in plain colors, the tyranny of the one, the servility of the other. Yet the story itself and the portrayal of character at once usurps first place in the reader's attention. It is like some of Shakespeare's tragedies — a study of the corrupting influence of an evil nature, not only on itself, but on all with whom it has to do. Here the evil is in the person of a woman, who has lost all the finer sensibilities of her sex. Into a calm and comparatively happy life she comes. By the reputation of her deeds, by her essentially wicked nature, she at first disturbs and finally brings down in ruin her son's life, together with her own. His friends too narrowly escape sharing the same fate. Yet, after all the gloom, there is a beam of light at the end, and promise of better things.

The author has remarkable literary skill. The story is one of unusual power. Once begun, it carries the reader along resistlessly in its own current. One becomes, not an observer, but an actor. Some of the characters, especially Joan O'Dwyer and Lady Liscarroll, will live in the memory for many a day. The spirit of the Irish people is not so much described as felt. The old beliefs in witches and fairies and the whole order of powers good and evil — so clearly shown — add much to the realism of the tale. The sly Irish humor and the dry Irish wit often appear. And in all this the author is a poet, seeing in nature her full beauty and majesty, and painting her with a poet's hand. All in all, "The Wizard's Knot" is a book well worth a most thoughtful reading.

—B. E. M.

*Her Mountain Lover.* By Hamlin Garland. The Century Company. \$1.50.

This is a new novel by the author of "The Eagle's Heart," and one that more than fulfills the promise of the earlier volume. The story relates the adventures of a young Colorado prospector who goes to London

to sell his mine. He is a typical Westerner, with all the idiosyncrasies—and the dialect—of his native soil. The shock and amusement that such a character furnishes London society can be readily imagined. He becomes quite popular for a time, and the story of his love with an English girl is told in a delightful manner. Of course he has a sweetheart in America, and in spite of his experiments with love in England returns to her and wins her love. One of the most striking incidents in the book is the setting up of a Western camp in the fields of civilized England; but in spite of the environment the hero carries it through in true cowboy style. The final episode occurs in the Colorado Mountains, when the cowboy wins his lady, and all ends happily.

The book aims to amuse, and in that it serves its purpose admirably, but in aiming simply to amuse, it loses dignity, and a wonderful opportunity for study in character-contrast. However, the characters themselves are well and forcibly drawn, and this, combined with the humour, makes an exceptionally interesting and enjoyable story.

—C. W. C.

*Dupes.* By Ethel Watts Mumford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"*Dupes*" is a clever satire on society. The authoress aims to show the readiness of people to be gulled; and in the exposition of the schemes of Madame Bouzales, she succeeds admirably.

This lady is of Spanish origin, and is possessed of watery eyes,—and a most comforting and soothing personality that appeals strongly to women. She attempts to startle the world in the pose of a prophet, and a clever rogue named Clendenin seeing a chance of making money, enters into a scheme to bring her more prominently before the world, while Mitchell, a clever lawyer, taking the whole matter as a joke, writes some inspired pamphlets that afterwards become the articles of the new faith.

Many converts are made, and it is not until a conventual order is founded, which many wealthy women join, that Mitchell realizes the fact that he has played the part of a Dupe. Of course, the girl of his heart is inveigled into joining the order, and he goes to her to try to tell her the truth, but the watery eyes have convinced her, and the comforting personality has blinded her, and she refuses to leave, saying she has renounced the world and her fortune for the new faith. Of course in the end her eyes are opened; she sees the error of her ways, and makes her lover happy.

In spite of its shortness, and lack of seriousness, it is not a book to be lightly passed over. The characters are cleverly drawn, and the plot is systematically developed.

—C. W. C.

*Every Inch a King.* By Josephine Caroline Sawyer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50

An historical novel, and yet unlike the majority of historical novels, for there is missing that breathless rush of adventure; that endless flowing of blood; that extreme improbability of incident, which one has almost come to consider essential parts of the historical novel, so-called. The book is rather an attempt at character-study. It was written, as the author says, "with the single purpose of proving that the character of Henry V, while Prince of Wales, has been greatly misjudged."

Of course, Prince Henry is the central figure of the story, and a very interesting story he and his dowry make. As to these the author and history are somewhat at variance. History may be right, or Miss Sawyer may be right, but at all events in her pages Henry of Monmouth appears as a loyal son, a merry-spirited but noble-minded youth, a valiant warrior, and a clear-sighted statesman. Indeed, one is compelled to think that he is just a little too perfect. The author pleads her case with the shrewdness of an advocate, passing over facts of history that would testify against her. In a word, the portrait of the Prince seems overdrawn.

As for the style, there is some striving for effect, which at times becomes too obvious. The descriptions, many of them, are well done, especially that of Henry's assumption of his kingship. But the best parts of the book are the love-scenes. They are not so numerous as to be tiresome, and thus they possess both sweetness and depth of feeling. The meeting of Edmund Mortimer with Anne Stafford, and of Henry—at last "Every Inch a King"—with his long-loved but hitherto unseen bride, would make readable almost any book even if it were much duller than this.

—B. E. M.

*Penelope's Irish Experiences.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

This book relates the experiences of Penelope, Francesca, and Salemina, the same trio that made such amusing and unconventional excursions through England and Scotland. Since the publication of "Penelope's English Experiences," we have always looked forward with impatience to another book concerning her and her friends. It is not too much to say that the latest volume is the equal of the earlier ones, and I am almost tempted to confess that I enjoyed it a little more than the others; but then that would be a very high form of praise, indeed. The book is full of sparkling fun, and pure sentiment. The humour is subtle and refined, and never descends to broadness of expression.

The story is divided into five parts, which deal with the different

counties of Ireland. There is a great deal of sight-seeing, but in addition there is also a charming romance in which Salemina surrenders to an Irish lover. Miss Wiggins' local colour is remarkable, and with it aid the reader enters heartily into the very spirit of the book.

—C. W. C.

*Dwellers in the Hills.* By Melville Davisson Post. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a tale of the cattle-rangers of the West Virginia Hills, disjointedly told. The characters go a-galloping through its pages on romantically named steeds — steeds indeed that, with one exception, possess more intelligence than their masters.

From time to time the author takes the reader aside and initiates him into the mysteries of horse lore. One may get from the pages of this tale a very fair idea of the proper methods to be pursued in shoeing and riding horses.

In short, the book is in praise of horse — the human characters are mere puppets who sit astride them.

The plot, such as it is, hinges upon a contract to deliver a drove of cattle. Hawk Rube Woodford, the evil one of the tale, seeks to prevent the carrying out of the contract, but is successfully circumvented by two cattle-drovers and one Quiller, the young brother of the man who would have been the hero had not Hawk Rube caused his horse to throw him and break his collar bone. Cynthia Carper was probably intended for the heroine of the story but her connection with the plot is so vague that one is at a loss to know just what she is there for.

*Literary Friends and Acquaintance.* By William Dean Howells. New York: Harpers. \$2.50.

It is a rare treat when an author so takes his readers into his confidence as to unfold the intimate personal relations which he has enjoyed with others of his calling. The vital connection between biography and literature is recognized today more than ever before, but an insight into the private life of famous writers as they have appeared to men of their time and acquaintance makes possible a truer appreciation of the reality of literary work.

In a most interesting way Mr. Howells has told of his connections with the members of the New England school of writers. He has given personal impressions of Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson. He describes entertainingly his life in literary Boston

and his experiences in entering, or rather in getting a glimpse of, the so called Bohemian literary life of New York. There are chapters on "My First Visit to New England," "First Impressions of Literary New York," "Literary Boston as I Knew It," "Cambridge Neighbors," and individual studies of Dr. Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell. He writes of those days when *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harpers* were almost the only magazines of note, when periodical literature was not so abundant, but when literary interest ran high and contributors felt they enjoyed a true brotherhood with fellow-contributors. It was in those days that American Literature,—if we except the work of Irving,—was beginning to make itself felt; when there was an intense interest in literary things, and men would go down to the docks in New York to wait for the new installments of Dickens' latest novel.

Mr. Howells has brought his readers to an intimate knowledge of the men who have made the greatest period of American Literature. He has rendered the literary world a service that comes only once in a while, and has given us a real fellowship with those whose names we have always revered; he has led us, in the recollections of his memory, through these reminiscences of his "Literary Friends and Acquaintance."

The book is written in Mr. Howells' best style, and is especially attractive on account of the many illustrations, both pictures of nooks and corners in his literary wanderings and portraits of the authors whom he has made us know better through his own friendship.

—R. T. M.

*The Son of a Tory.* By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Richard C. Badger & Co. \$1.50.

This is a new historical novel from the pen of Clinton Scollard, and is a Revolutionary romance of the Mohawk Valley. The action is rapid, and the characters are fairly good. The hero, although a stout Whig at heart, is compelled from family considerations to fight for the King. The complications that follow make very interesting reading.

—C. W. C.

*Truth Dexter.* By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

This is a charming study in contrasts. An untutored daughter of the poverty-stricken aristocracy of the south is transplanted to the north, and the story treats of her ingenuous innocence, which is vividly brought out by contrast with a scheming Boston society woman. Her marriage is one of policy, almost of necessity; and the manner in which she wins

the love of her husband is delightfully and pathetically told. The feeling of the Southerners for the "Yankees," and the attitude of the Bostonians toward the former slave holders is slightly overdrawn; but this is the only fault in the book that is at all glaring. The development, mental and physical, of Truth is a clever piece of character-drawing, and fills the reader with admiration for the unconventional heroine. The dialogue is always brilliant, and the discussions between Craighead and Lord Grayrock are exceptionally clever and prophetic. It is one of the most pleasing of the new books, and it is with a sigh of regret that one bids farewell to the characters at its end.

—C. W. C.

*Her Majesty the King.* By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston: Richard, Badger & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Roche in his "Forewarning" tells us that "While the words of no mortal is perfect, the only defect in this book is its brevity. Its merits are as many as its words;" and the rest of the book is quite as humorous. The gems of wisdom that Shacabach the wayfarer continually lets fall, are the cleverest things in the book.

*The Ways of the Service.* By Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

I feel perfectly sure that Mr. Palmer can write good army stories. His success as a correspondent would lead one to think nothing else; but he has not done it in this volume. Some of the stories are impossible, and the others are barely interesting. The first, and longest, is the poorest story in the volume. "Against His Own People," is slightly better than the rest. The ending of the last of the collection is almost childish.

—C. W. C.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Several books that came too late for review in this number will be reviewed later.

*The Life of the Bee.* By Maurice Maeterlinck : Dodd, Mead & Co.

*Five Years of My Life.* By Alfred Dreyfus : McClure, Phillips & Co.

*Seed Plants.* D. Appleton & Co.

*Landmarks : A History of New York.* By Albert Ulmann : D. Appleton & Co.

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